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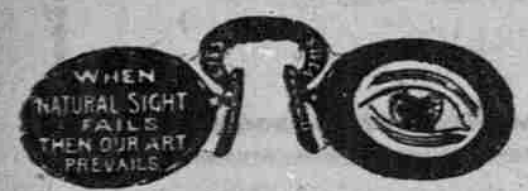
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WM. KAMAÑA, THE NEW WARDEN OF
OAHU PRISON.

THE BYSTANDER

(Continued from page 4.)

The freak, at last accounts, was cackwaling before other freaks of the same kind, down in the black belt. Andrews was here, laughing at his enemies.

Joe Pratt, the lawyer, was trying, down by the tailor shop, to incite a movement for a shotgun brigade in the big Republican procession of last week, and he told about his initiation into G. O. P. politics when he was a barefooted urchin. It was on no less an auspicious occasion than General Grant's visit to Rockford, Illinois, in the Grant and Colfax campaign.

"I took my first trip in the 'choo-choo' cars in company with General Grant that time," Mr. Pratt related with pride. "The citizens gathered at the depot to give the General a reception. Grant stepped out of the Pullman and upon a platform car to give a little talk. I had run away from school that morning to see the great man.

"I had an uncle living at Freeport, 28 miles west, where Grant and party were due for a meeting that evening. That is the place where Lincoln made the great speech that Robert R. Hitt reported. I sneaked into Grant's special car and sat down beside a fatherly-looking old gentleman, so that the conductor might take me for his little boy. Nothing was said about me and the train rattled on. There was a reception at every little station.

"The train arrived at Freeport about 5 o'clock and I stepped out on the platform, hoping to meet my cousins and uncle. Instead a burly person in blue with a star on his breast met me and asked me if my name was Pratt. When I answered with the truth he told me he had a telegram from my father to send me home by the first train. I did not hear General Grant at Freeport that night.

"The Republican campaigners were called the 'Tanners,' after General Grant. When I reached home I found that my mother, who had not previously been much of a politician, since morning had developed into a strenuous 'Tanner'—at least in imagination I still feel that there was good sole leather in that slipper."

ARE LIES PERMISSIBLE

(Continued from page 4.)

It is the first thing you notice, is: "Oh! how horrible that pimple looks on your nose." Some very young men and would-be-thoughtful bright young ladies have a habit of saying rude truths and think them smart. So much for truth-telling in every-day intercourse.

But let us look at lying from another point of view. Do we not do a deal of lying to ourselves? How often do we commit some petty meanness—say some unkind thing, and convey the impression that we are doing it for the sake of the community, or to protect the social circle in which we move, when the real reason is that we want to get even for some wrong, real or imaginary.

When one woman says to another that Miss S—or Mrs. B—is a little "gay," and conveys the impression that she is not altogether what she ought to be, is she not saying or inferring the mean thing, because she is jealous of Miss S—or Mrs. B's—new bonnet, or new house, or her beautiful complexion? She is giving her conscience a reason for doing a mean thing.

We heard a gentleman get up in a meeting, where he was nominated on the opposition ticket, and say that he begged to withdraw his name, as he had not authorized its use, and that he had not joined the association with any idea of honor or profit, but only for the pleasure of associating with a lot of good fellows who composed the society. The real truth was that his sole object in becoming a member was entirely one of profit. But strangest thing of all is that, when he made the remark, he probably thought he was telling the truth. It is so easy to convince ourselves that we are honest and honorable gentlemen. It is positively a fact that we lie to ourselves fully as often as we do to others.

Another remarkable thing about lying is that, when we have told a lie a great many times, we actually believe it ourselves, until we stop to think. We knew the case of a lady, wife of a bishop of the Church of England, who always spoke of "the three beautiful boys" she had lost. She never had a child, and this lady was probably quite truthful about most matters; but she thought she should have had children, and perhaps considered it a disgrace that she had had none. That was before "race suicide" was fashionable.

We have in mind a very prominent business man of this city who is an heroic liar. This kind is very common, particularly to their wives and sweethearts. He is being continually attacked by footpads, knocking them down, drawing his gun (for of course this kind of liar always carries a gun and keeps a private graveyard). It is hardly necessary to notice the hunter and fisherman who exaggerate the number of birds and fish they don't

get. Then there are the professional men, doctors and lawyers. The first tell about the rare cases, and of treating them in the most marvelous way—of aneurisms, where they pack away yards of silver wire and the patient looks to-day as if he could lick Jefferson! Others tell about the number of patients they see; there is one old physician who used to tell a young doctor without any practice that he saw seventy and eighty patients a day. We pity the patients.

Lawyers run to big fees, for they can not lie about their cases as can the doctor; and we have in mind one legal gentleman who must have received millions of dollars during the last ten years, if one believes what he says. There is another variety of liar who always tells about the number of women who are in love with him, and the almost daily occurrence of anonymous letters received. These are mostly actor-men.

Of course, we always have with us the sick, who magnify every little ailment—a sore throat into an attack of diphtheria, a slight cold into pneumonia. We have in mind one lovely woman who has had, to our personal knowledge, three times pneumonia and once typhoid fever during the last year. The psychological study of this form of lying is, to say the least, interesting. Why does a sick person wish you to think him in danger of death? Is it a desire to excite a greater amount of sympathy or care?

So we suppose we may conclude from the foregoing that we are all liars, some telling only pleasant white lies for the sake of being agreeable, but the majority vain lies, mean lies, and useless lies. One of the great French wits remarked that it was better usually to tell the truth; a lie should be kept for great occasions; it is too good a thing to be wasted. C. T. D.

LUCK AND LAZINESS.

Luck tapped upon a cottage door,
A gentle, quiet tan.
And Laziness, who lounged within,
The cat upon his lap,
Stretched out his slippers to the fire
And gave a sleepy yawn,
"Oh, bother! let him knock again!"
He said! but Luck was gone.

Luck tapped again, more faintly still,
Upon another door,
Where Industry was hard at work
Mending his cottage floor.
The door was opened wide at once;
"Come in!" the worker cried,
And Luck was taken by the hand
And fairly pulled inside.

He still is there—a wondrous guest
From out whose magic hand
Fortune flows fast—but Laziness
Can never understand
How industry found such a friend,
"Luck never came my way,"
He sighs, and quite forgets the knock
Upon his door that day.

—St. Louis Republic.

Japanese army reserves awaiting
transportation home from this port will
have a sham battle at Waiwalea today.

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Ever examine our grass floor coverings? There's more real service in one of these rugs than in any other manufactured. They come in plain or beautiful figured patterns in all colors and will look fresh and new after years of use.

Here is a list of some of the sizes:

Small Rugs 18x20 inches, 21x45 inches
26x50 inches, 30x72 inches.

Large Rugs 6x9 feet, 8x10 feet,
9x12 feet.

Hall stripes any length to suit.

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"THE SPY"
STORY TOLDSynopsis of the Play
For the N. G. H.
Benefit.

"The Spy" which is to be put on at Hawaiian Opera House next Thursday and Saturday evenings by members of the militia and talented local thespians as a benefit for the National Guard of Hawaii, is without doubt the most popular war drama ever brought before the footlights. The story is founded on stirring events of the great Rebellion of '61-'65. It begins with a home scene of a good old New Hampshire farm. Major Rutledge, a United States army officer, is visiting an old friend of his boyhood, Farmer Howard. Up to the time of the story the deepest friendship has existed between them. During the visit news comes of secession talk from South Carolina and the Major, being a Southerner, takes the part of the South. A quarrel ensues between the old friends in which the Major's son Frank and Farmer Howard's sons take part. Farmer Howard will tolerate no talk of treason against the "Old Flag" and orders the Major's family from his house, whereupon Frank Rutledge swears that from that day forward he will bring sorrow and misery to the door and make the father bow his head with grief. Scene 2 finds the Howard boys, with their friends the Elliots, the Smiths and others on the road to enlist. They meet Major Rutledge's old dandy servant, "Uncle Joe," returning to the Howard home and they take him with them. Scene 3 finds the Capt. of Co. D recruiting. The boys come in and enlist. Farmer Howard and Mother Howard arrive on the scene. The mother consents to her boys signing the roll and calls upon Heaven to bless them. Uncle Joe goes as cook and little Johnny Howard goes as drummer boy. The regiment passes in review and Mrs. Mart Howard, on behalf of the ladies, presents the regiment with a beautiful stand of colors. The mother parts from her sons and the soldiers all march away.

Act 2 discovers the boys in camp on the battle field. Here are introduced several popular songs. Mr. Hugo Herzer will sing "My Own United States" a song that has made a tremendous hit throughout the East in the new comic opera "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." The Ellis Brothers Quartette will sing several excellent numbers while all are grouped around the camp fires. "Sonny" Cunha has a new comic son "The Countess of Alacazam." Soon the boys are sleeping. In the morning the roll is called and Mart Howard is sent as a spy into the rebel camp. Scene 2 finds Uncle Joe on the track of Mart and his encounter with a rebel picket. He finds Mart with the Confederates, about to enlist. Unfortunately Mart is assigned to Major (now Col.) Rutledge's regiment in which Frank Rutledge is a sergeant. Frank recognizes Mart, exposes his disguise and he is sentenced to be shot whereon Frank rejoices. Frank is sent, with the papers captured from Mart, to Gen. Johnson but is waylaid by Joe who, with the aid of a revolver, takes them from him, thus ruining Frank's hopes of promotion. In the meantime just as the order Ready! Aim! has been given for Mart's execution, orders come from headquarters to hold the prisoner, as Gen. Johnson hopes to secure information of the enemy from him. Night comes. Uncle Joe gets the guard drunk, manages to release Mart, and they both escape to the Federal Camp, where the important papers in Mart's possession give valuable data about the foe. The 5th scene represents the great battle of Pittsburg Landing or "Shiloh." Here four companies of the National guard commanded by their officers will take part in a most realistic battle scene. There will be real powder, real smoke, real guns and real soldiers. After the battle dead and wounded are seen lying on the battle field. A Confederate soldier calls plaintively for water and as Mart Howard, who is also wounded, endeavors to lift him up to

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REPUBLICANS AGREE

(Continued from page 1.)

"I stand ready to carry out every pledge made by me during the campaign. I go a little further. I want to carry into effect every plank in the platform. I want to go into the legislature and do my full duty by you voters."

Other speakers were Representatives Aylett, Mahelona, Kalelopu, Kalauiwa and Charles Broad, who spoke in Hawaiian.

Representative Waterhouse took the opportunity to thank each and every one for all the votes they had cast for him. He said he desired to thank not only the Republicans, but Democrats and Home Rulers. There was an indication to him also that they had voted the straight Republican ticket. He said he had met a Democrat on the street a few days before election. The man had told him he would be on hand at his (Waterhouse's) political funeral. He said he did not expect to see so many people present at his "funeral" as were massed in front of him then. (Laughter). There had been some "funerals" though, and one was that of "Independent" candidates and their campaign.

Mr. Waterhouse was ready to redeem all pledges made by him during the campaign. The meeting broke up with three rousing cheers for the Republican party.

The last act finds the boys at home on a furlough. The mother learns of Johnny's death and Jennie sings the famous "Vacant Chair."

While at home news comes of Lee and Johnson's surrender. The war is over and there is general rejoicing.

The following is a corrected list of the characters:

Mart Howard (The Spy).....
.....Mr. W. D. Adams
Harry Howard.....Mr. Hugo Herzer
Johnny Howard.....Mr. Swartz
Farmer Howard.....Mr. J. H. Harrison
Farmer Elliot.....Mr. Mytton
Tom Elliot.....Mr. Fred Angus
Major Rutledge.....Mr. Harry Murphy
Frank Rutledge.....Mr. Gus Cousins
Fattie Smith.....Mr. "Sonny" Cunha
Will Smith.....Mr. Frank Hatch
Uncle Joe.....Mr. Webb

UNION OFFICERS.

Major General.....Lieut. Blackman
Chief of Staff.....Lieut. Wise
A. A. G.....Lieut. Cook
Col. Robinson.....Capt. Paul Smith
Capt. Co. "D".....Capt. Jorgstorf
Sergt. Co. "A".....Mr. Will Prestidge

CONFEDERATE OFFICERS.

General Cheatham.....Capt. Merle Johnson
Chief of Staff.....Mr. Mytton
Capt. Co. "H".....Lieut. Costa

LADY CHARACTERS.

Mother Howard.....Miss Nellie McLean
Mrs. Mart Howard.....Miss Green
Miss Jennie Howard.....
.....Miss Daisy Lishman
Mrs. Elliot.....Miss Maggie Lishman
Mrs. Rutledge.....Miss Gertrude Hall

Two marble totems, to mark the graves of Indian chiefs at Haines, Alaska, are almost completed at the Tacoma granite works. The monuments are to supplant the old wooden totems, carved by the Indians themselves. They are made on the same lines as the former totems, and represent the same tribal superstitions and legends. One is a large bear, sitting on its haunches, but having in place of a bear's head, a grotesque head with staring eyes and grinning mouth. The figure is of white marble, and the eyes and mouth are lined with gold leaf. The totem is a shaft of pure white marble, surmounted by a marble fish of the whale-killer type.